

## THE MINSTREL SHOW.

**M**AYOR WEIR was detained in the council chamber Tuesday evening by his official duties. Had he been present at the minstrel performance given by the Lincoln Light Infantry company at the Lansing theater it is probable that he would have been the exception in the very large audience in entertaining the opinion that the performance was not a success. Mr. Bostrum, in his song entitled "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," one of the most distinct hits of the evening, by the way, did not accord to His Honor, the mayor, that deferential respect that His Honor, the mayor, expects from all his subjects. It was noticeable that Mr. Bostrum's sentiment was somewhat vigorously applauded.

The inevitable "first part" was presented with due regard to the most sacred traditions of the minstrel stage. Immense flags set off the ebony attire and ditto faces of the performers, and the whole was relieved by the dazzling appearance of Hayden Meyer, the interlocutor, in the center. In some of the solos there were traces of slight embarrassment, but the boys kept at it in the face of disturbing manifestations on the part of the audience. Forry Moore's experience gave him a decided advantage. His song, "Mamie Come Kiss Your Honey Boy," and his work on the end were well done. His performances throughout the program carried much of the professional facility and ease. Hayden Meyer sang effectively "Maggie Dear." Frank Burr scored his usual success in "Move On." This pointed song was sung with much spirit, and it was received most enthusiastically. Frank held up one of the ends throughout the first part in a particularly entertaining manner. Mr. Bostrum's original song, "Love Me Little, Love Me Long," was as follows:

The ball players, they have come here; they are all quite full of good cheer, love 'em little, love 'em long. They propose to get the first place in the Western league base ball race. Love 'em, little, love 'em long. You just watch Tom Hickey grin, if the pennant they should win; but if they are not in it, here's his song: Put your arms around me honey, I have just lost all my money, love me little, love me long. Stand from under, I'm going out yonder, yonder to Lincoln park. Put your arms around me honey, let me earn some good hard money, and I'll keep it—very long. If I just had thirteen dollars, I'd buy seven new style collars. They are little, but they're long. I'd buy a new stock necktie, and I'd feed my face on mince pie, just a little—right along. I'd be right in the swim, make the other boys look dim, and I'd cut a dash—I don't think that is wrong. I would buy myself a false-face; then mine wouldn't be a disgrace, and you'd love me—right along. I'd stand from under, the viaduct, and wonder why they don't build more, and then I'd begin to think that the council must have been drinking, or they'd had one—long before. Would Mayor Weir have been elected, with the B. & M. vote rejected? I don't think it—very strong. Do you think that they detected a mistake when they selected his election, for a song? He is solid with the preachers, and they stick to him like leeches, but the masses are against him very strong. In council he's a tool, just like a little boy from school; love him little, not very long. Stand from under, police, by thunder, they will spoil the game; if you must play your poker, you are sure to get a soaker, and you'll get it, just the same. There is Coxey's "common weal," ought to go without a meal; they can't labor, they're too strong. They are taking to their heel to get to Washington to feel several million come along. When the police get on their trail they will take 'em all to jail; it won't be so splendid after all. They will surely be arrested as the chief of police requested, that's the outcome, "after the ball." Stand from over, here comes Grover. Says Coxey unto Brown: "If I ever get myself clear I never will come back here, and attempt to take the town." There's the Omaha Guards there—they are looking very fair, some are little, some are long; they have all come here to laugh at our songs, jokes and chaff; but they can't stand them very long. To-night, after the show, they will go out for a blow, and with our boys they'll paint the town red; and then to-morrow morning you will see their names adorning a long list among the dead —. Then Omaha will wonder why in thunder their military boys don't come home: they will all come down here and find that our Mayor Weir has got 'em all in the soup. I could stand right on the floor and sing fifteen verses more, but that would take me—very long. Then if I made you tired I surely would get fired, and that would be quite wrong. I could sing until to-morrow, very much to all your sorrow, and then not quite have finished this queer

song. Put your arms around me honey, I haven't any money, but my nerve is—very strong. Stand from under I want to go out yonder, anywhere to get off the stage. There are those that can sing as well and before I'll sing another verse, I'll see you all in —. You may think it very nice, to be encored more than thrice, I do think it is very wrong; you may think it isn't easy for me to stand here and wheezy a lot of stuff I know nothing about, but then it is an easy thing, for I've got a man out in the wing that is giving me the song. Stand from under, I'm going up yonder, yonder in the sky. Put your arms around me honey, even if you have no money, love me little, love me long.

Mr. Camp sang "Kiss Me Good Night," Mr. Will B. Clark, "I Long to See the Girl I Left Behind," and Mr. Ed. Butler, "She is My Darling Carrie."

In the by-play between the songs there were pointed allusions to Tom Cooke, Sam Low, Harry Hicks, Frank Polk, Mat Baldwin, and other prominent citizens.

Will O'Shea opened the second part with an exhibition of the magician's art, one of the most entertaining features of the program. "A Few Minutes with Mr. Bostrum" dragged perceptibly. Harry Wilson's club swinging showed considerable skill. Messrs. Ed. Bing and Joe Wittman gave a really remarkable triple bar performance. It equalled some professional gymnastic exhibitions seen on the Lansing stage and was superior to many. Frank Burr, Forry Moore, and Ross Curtice appeared in an amusing musical specialty, evidencing the musical facility of these gentlemen.

The performance proceeded rapidly and smoothly from start to finish; it was the most ambitious amateur production that has been attempted in Lincoln, and it was unquestionably one of the best that has been given. It was a home talent performance with nearly all of the usual home talent crudeness eliminated. The seats were all occupied, and a number of persons were compelled to stand throughout the entertainment.

### A MODERN FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time there was a fairy Prince who was in hard luck. He was almost reduced to despair and his last shekel, when he fell in love with a queen of hearts. When they first met he was indulging in a game of pucuro with a select party of friends. The ante was a quarter and the limit was the far blue sky. Now the Goddess of Fortune did not smile upon the prince, and his little stack was gradually fading away when the Queen of Hearts took pity on him. As he threw down the hand in which she was an odd and useless card, she smiled so sweetly on him that he blushed modestly and allowed her to nestle in his capacious sleeve.

Now it came to pass that a short time afterwards there was on the table a pot whose name was Jack, that was very rich and corpulent. And the fairy Prince longed greatly to have this same Jack in his service. The Queen of Hearts divined his thoughts and when two other queens were in his hand she came slyly from his sleeve and took her place beside the other queens. Then the fairy Prince was enabled to induce the pot whose name was Jack to enter his service. During the evening he induced many more Jacks to do likewise and he was very happy ever after. And this fairy Prince moves in excellent society, and his name is Legion.—Town Topics.

### WHAT HE REMEMBERED

Of The First Shakespearean Play He Ever Saw.

Good morrow, good my lord!  
Marry, and how now?  
E'en so, my lord:  
The king doth wake tonight, and takes his rouse.  
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels.  
Gad zooks! Is't so?  
Is't.  
Think it no more!  
For Nature, crescent, does not grow alone,  
Its thew, and bulk—  
Odds bobs! And even so!

TOM HALL.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness  
Sold by all druggists.